

1505/97
A N

O D E

O N

P L E A S U R E.

Huc Vina, et Unguenta, et nimium breves

Flores amœnæ ferre jubet Rosæ,

Dum Res, et Ætas, et Sororum

Fila trium patiuntur atra. HOR. Lib. 2. Od. 3.

Nil parvum, aut humili Modo,

Nil mortale, loquar.

Lib. 3. Od. 25.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in *Pallmall*, and sold by

M. COOPER in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1754.

W A

O D E



A N
O D E
O N
P L E A S U R E.
T O
WILLIAM MORGAN Esq;

I.

WHAT rich Repast Imagination yields!
How sweet to range in Fancy's flow'ry Fields!
To rifle all the Bosom of the Spring,
To bid the Cowslip blow, and Linnet sing!
O! bear me, Goddess with the painted Vest,
The fair Narcissus blooming in thy Breast,
With Jessamine thy golden Tresses bound,
Thy Brows with Roses and with Vi'lets crown'd,
With curling Woodbines in thy fragrant Hand,
Conduct me, Goddess, to th' enchanted Land:

Lead

Lead me, lovely *Flora*, lead
 To the Grove where Zephyrs play,
 Bord'ring on the painted Mead,
 Where the soft Meanders stray :
 Lay me, Nymph, beneath the Boughs
 Of the Tree to *Venus* dear ;
 And, the Object of my Vows,
 Fairest of the fair be near :
 While, as eager as the Dove,
 I address my panting Bride,
 Our Extravagance of Love
 May the friendly Branches hide.

Sweet, tho not lasting, are the Joys of Sense ;
 Possess'd with Justice they engage the Soul ;
 Improving Mirth the social Feasts dispense,
 Where Wisdom sits, and Temp'rance fills the Bowl :
 Enjoy, TREDEGAR'S Lord, Delights like these,
 While Youth and gay Desires dilate thine Heart ;
 By Nature and Reflection form'd to please,
 Freely receive and freely Joys impart,
 With this great Maxim always in thy Mind,
 Friend to thyself and Friend to all Mankind.



II.

As the vernal Suns advance,
 Nature's lovely'st Forms appear :
 Beauty then shall lead the Dance,
 Smiling on the youthful Year.
 When the spritely Season calls
 To the Lawns and woodland Shade,
 Hasten from the midnight Balls ;
Delia beckons to the Glade :
 That the genial Time of Blifs,
 Careless when the Virgin strays,
 Melting to the tender Kifs,
 Like the Snow to solar Rays :
 Nature then indulges Mirth ;
 Th' ever gay and cheerful Spring
 Gave the Loves and Graces Birth ;
 Then the Valleys laugh and sing.
 Would you taste the blifsful Hour,
 Far from Courts and Citys rove ;
 Seek it in the peaceful Bow'r
 Of the sacred Tree of *Jove*.

III.

He, whom the Joys of Sense alone engage,
 Renders Youth useless, and dishonours Age.

Streams of Delight from sensual Fountains flow ;
 But they who drink too largely drink of Woe :
 A richer Fruit the Tree of Knowledge gives ;
 And he who tastes with Judgement eats and lives :
 Arduous, but pleasing, is the Task assign'd
 The great, the good, and enterprising, Mind :
 What high Delight to trace, by Nature's Laws,
 Effects, and Causes, to the World's first Cause !

Soul of *Plato*, heav'nly Guest,
 Such as unextinguish'd glow'd,
 When on Earth, in *Berkeley's* Breast,
 And the Seeds of Virtue sow'd,
 Such as *Shaftesbury's* Heart inspir'd,
 Each of Truth divine the Friend,
 By one Flame celestial fir'd,
 Diff'ring not in one great End,
 Thro our Minds thyself diffuse,
 And with thy *Promethean* Light
 From our Eyelids brush the Dews,
 And the Mists which dim the Sight !

Then we shall clearly see where *Pleasure* stands,
 Then we shall see her in her fairest Dress,
 Where *Love* and *Constancy* fast ty the Bands,
 And where *Benevolence* relieves *Distress* :
 Enjoy, *TREDEGAR's* Lord, Delights like these,
 Which flow unbounded from exhaustless Springs ;

While

While thus you strive thy gen'rous Heart to please,
 Look down with Pity on inactive Kings:
 Heroic Worth holds up the blazing Shield,
 While *Pleasure* beckons to the crimson Field.

IV.

When the proud invasive Band,
 Sent from *Tiber's* Banks to *Thames*,
 Spread with impious Arms the Strand,
 And the sacred Groves with Flames,
Caradoc, to Virtue true,
 From his Hills with Forests crown'd,
 Like an angry Lion flew
 On his cruel Spoilers round:
 Often bath'd with hostile Blood,
 Dread and Vengeance in his Train,
 He, by fair *Sabrina's* Flood,
 Stood furrounded by the slain:
 By a Woman's Baseness fold,
 He, the lawless Hunter's Prey,
 March'd, for *Romans* to behold,
 Thro the Capitolian Way:
 Pleas'd he bore the gauling Chain,
 Pleas'd that he'd his Duty done,
 Undiminish'd by his Pain,
 Setting like the setting Sun.

The E N D.